grandeur of their rich velvet green vegetation, looked like so many little gems set to perfection in the midst of the limitless blue of the sea. In one word the natural scenery of the place, appeared to set at naught, all comparision and looked just the place suited for a poet, to draw his inspirations from. As for myself, it would have been possible for me to enjoy this "life in the wilderness'*, like the very spirit of the woods in its fullness of being, free from all earthly care and anxiety, drinking deep into Nature's most secret life-springs, had I been in my normal condition of body and mind. But for me as I was, there remained but little to enjoy, even in things most enjoyable, little to feel for, even in things that seemed to ooze out feeling from the very heart of Nature, full of life's deep meaning and pathos in their silent emanations and mute utterances.

They gave a petty officer and two watch-men to keep constant watch and ward over me, so that they had to be with me, wherever I went and in whatever I did, not even excepting

night rime, when one of them had to sleep in my room by turns, so as to make sure that I did not again attempt my life, as I